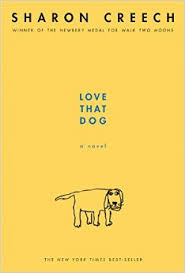
*Poetry*

* Your job in Reading this week is to keep experimenting with poetry! Just like Jack in Love That Dog, I would like you to try to write poems that are inspired by other poets.
* The type of poems and their features are listed below.
* We have discussed *free verse, concrete, rhyming poems, and haiku.*
* You need to have four original poems and one poem that you copied and illustrated by Friday.
* You are welcomed to do more than four.



**Free Verse**

* Non rhyming poems
* "Dog" and "The Red Wheelbarrow" utilize simple but vivid descriptions by adding noun modifiers.
* *Examples:*

*Slow fly, loose skin, long chin*

*White chickens,*

**“Dog” by Valerie Worth**

Under a maple tree

The dog lies down,

Lolls his limp

Tongue, yawns,

Rests his long chin

Carefully between

Front paws;

Looks up alert;

Chops, with heavy

Jaws, at a slow fly,

Blinks, rolls

On his side,

Sighs, closes

His eyes: sleeps

All afternoon

In his loose skin.

**“The Red Wheelbarrow” by William Carlos Williams**

so much depends

upon

a red wheel

barrow

glazed with rain

water

beside the white

chickens.

* "Street Music" focuses on sounds and onomatopoeias and spacing.

“Street Music” by Arnold Adoff

T h i s c i t y:

t h e

a l w a y s

n o i s e

g r i n d i n g

up from the

s u b w a y s

u n d e r

g r o u n d:

slamming from bus tires

and taxi horns and engines

of cars and trucks in all

v o c a b u l a r i e s

of

clas

flash

screeching

hot metal l a n g u a g e

c o m b i n a t i o n s:

as p l a n e s

o v e r h e a d

r o a r

an

o r c h e s t r a

of rolling drums

and battle blasts

assaulting

my ears

w i t h

t h e

a l w a y s

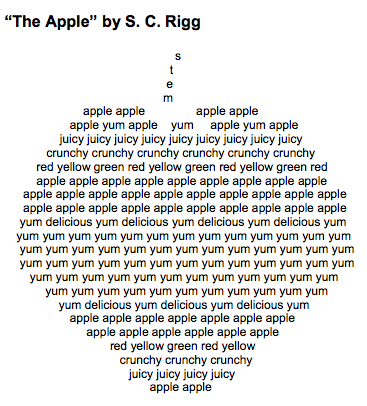
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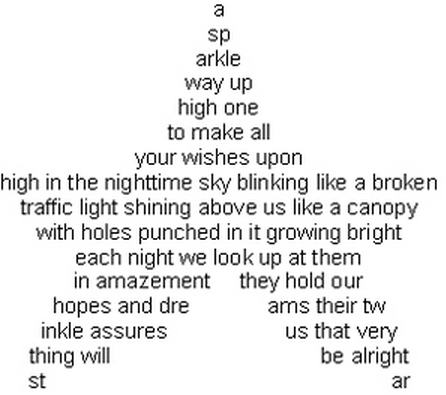
t h i s c i t y:

street music.

Concrete Poems

* Also called Shape poetry
* Words form a shape related to their topic.
* Words may or may not tell a story.





Rhyming Poems

* May follow a specific rhyme scheme.

**“Love that Boy” by Walter Dean Myers**

Love that boy,

like a rabbit loves to run

I said love that boy

like a rabbit loves to run

Love to call him in the morning

love to call him

“Hey there, son!”

**“The Pasture” by Robert Frost**

I'm going out to clean the pasture spring;

I'll only stop to rake the leaves away

(And wait to watch the water clear, I may):

I sha'n't be gone long. You come too.

I'm going out to fetch the little calf

That's standing by the mother. It's so young,

It totters when she licks it with her tongue.

I sha'n't be gone long. You come too.